Mr. Les. Whitten
1401 16 St., NW
Washington, D.C. 20036

9/5/76

Dear Les,

No, it was not abuse Mrs. Sylvia Duran. It was a cat named Ugarte. This is for openers. I don't know if my disgust will let me do much more with all I can and must do, especially right now in a decade-long effort to deter these disinformation operations of which I have warned you repeatedly you are letting yourselves be part.

Ugarte is, as I recall, "D" in the Schweiker report. which you plug without the slightest idea of its real significance. If you want the poop on all the other non-secret names he masked, be my guest.

It has come to the point where the real choices in evaluating what you(pl.) do is between incompetence and sycophancy, if either is sired out of Cowardice bred to Timidity.

But it you had to warm theLangley and FBI hearts, why could you not be accurate? I spent about two hours talking to Mark Smolonsky when he called. I do take the time even if what comes out is never other than cruddy, really yellow journalism in the non-Hearstian sense. How many times do you (pl.) get fed stories you find out are old and not learn how you are being used or ask yourselves why?

About the same time Bob Woodward phones. He's on a peripheral story, too. But he has to be all mystery, like I'm the Times and I'm goona steal his roller-skates. What he tells me, as I tell him, can fit countless cases. Can he be more specific. No, he can't, but he'll appreciate any help I can give him. So, difficult as it now is for me to get into my files, I go through them and retrieve what I think he may have in mind. He asks me to call him back. I spread all this stuff all over my own work, which I've laid aside, and he's not there. Later I get him, read it to him, refile it and get back to my own work. Then I get a call from the Post's source, who knows nothing at all about any of this but is hopeful of selling them a story. It is not what I took all that time for the secretive Woodward for. (For all the world as though I don't know about the bad-mouthing behind my back.)

All this in other than service to errant officialdom comes together. Meanwhile, you are all pawns to these officials.

Back in 1939 I wanted to sell a couple of Sunday things to the Post. One was my work on the King assassination to then, another a still-unexposed CIA domestic operation. Patterson sent me word they'd be interested if I were a staff but they never use pieces by other. Like I haven't read the Post since the early 30s. Only from the Fowlkeses(phon), the guy who called. Or Crile, with what really brought joy to the CIA heart with than AMLASH job. (Don't you people everyx ahalyze anything? People plural.)

You are all being fed by a bunch of sick crooks who as investigators couldn't find women in a bordello. They are working with Abby Mann, who can't be completely innocent. He's doing a special for TV for next April 4. Their most recent exploits were stealing the work Les Payne of Newsday carried forward magnificently when I established the basic fact and turned it over to him. I've done all the basic work on the King assassination, all these guys know it, their sick egos won t let them behave like men, so they are nibbling around the edges. If you want all the names of that motley crew, with Lane and I presume but don t know Fensterwald and their CCI, which always promotes Lane (this is his second) are Don Freed, Jeff Cohen and Chris Hagam that I remember. They almost conned Siegenthaler into a doozer several months ago. Hagan tried to get in to see Jimmy Ray and failed. So Freed started laying court to him by mail. Meanwhile, NBC is offering him $10,000 plus for an interview and Rather is in the competition with other goodies and all this is any kind of journalism?

Do you have to know more than that Mann is working on this "news" special and has been, I've written the only book not in support of the officialx mythology on the King assassination and he hasngt been in touch with me? You and the Post deal with these kinds of people and except for use as a checker I'm a pariah? Do I have to remind you of our conversation of what your column did to me on that book - ruined the chances of promos by telling the publisher you wanted certain material exclusively and running my ass off on it and then killing a really legitimate story - exclusive yet? The same book like all of mine unfot for the Post reviews or even mentions? If I do it it is instant non-news. But what is news? What these self-promoting ripoff artists do. Lane cons the ACLU, which was too cowardly to touch either FOIA or the JFK assassination in 1966, 1967, 1970, 1971 and 1974, into filing a suit for him. For what? For what was never withheld, the Ruby-FBI reports. Then he holds a press conference and then there is a Post story on the forced disclosure of the supposedly big secret!

Bradlee actually wrote me (confidential) that when Lane said one thing and I said another he didn't know what to do so well! he'd just throw up his hands and do nothing. He doesn't really do nothing. He does worse and doesn't want to learn or find out or I suppose really care.

Which is about the best I can say for today's column: you don't care.

You all have a right not to care. I happen to care, including about what real journalism ought to be. I don't think it includes being bush-beaters either for pimps or whores or crooks or officials with which to hide. Or failing to meet obligations to the country when the only problem in doing it is not journalistic but does involved the heart and soul.

Besides alerting you still another time I'm also offering you and Jack and if he wants it Bradlee a chance to learn what the realities and the facts are. I don't think anyone wants this but my part of the obligation is to offer it. I'll probably be in Washington the week of the 13th for a status call in one of my FOIA cases. The date is uncertain beaause Jim Lesar had an emergency appendectomy in Singapore and hasn't returned. The judge wants it soon and the clerk has agreed to make it for the first item on whatever day's calendar in case Jim remains weak. So from the end of that hearing until my bus at 2:10 I'll take time. Or I'll arrange for later auto transportation if I know in time.

With the good work of which you (and the Post) are capable and have done so regularly I really hate to see you used - and inviting yourself to be used- by special interests.

Sorry about the typos. The sun is up, I'm going for the walk the medical condition of which you know requires and then return to the work I told you I want to continue to escape the attention of all of thosex who have pasts with which they have to live.

Best,